

SATURDAY EVENING POST

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1871.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

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SPRING.

WHITEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARIE R. LADD.

The earth, brown and bare, is struggling to wear
Her dress of soft green,
And in about like a queen
To gladden all eyes and smile away care;
Pleasant pleasure, pure, without measure,
A hint of the summer, this is her true treasure.
The green of the world is growth and gladness,
And coming to light,
Blossoms before you to have and to hold;
And the blossoms will be on earth and on tree,
And the birds will return and sing merrily.
In warm and still hours will fall gentle showers,
And sunshine will gladden
With clear light the soft grass
From the green trees, on the bank and the dower;
And happy will be the sun and the dew,
Making it glad the sunshine and dew.
Come out from your winter no crusty and cold,
Oh! shed heart, grow glad
With sunlight, or the rain,
That gladsome hold for you, or that they still hold;
And glad you have seen you may slowly retrieve.
Doubtless not, for here we are but in the germ;
Oh! shed heart, grow glad
With sunlight, or the rain,
That gladsome hold for you, or that they still hold;
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PEMBERTON;

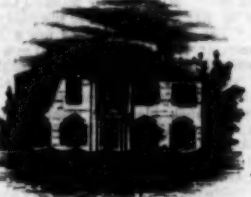
OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WHITEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY PETERSON.

(Reprinted according to Act of Congress, in the year
1871, by H. Peterson & Co., No. 222 Walnut Street, Phila-
delphia, Pa.)

PART SECOND.



ARNOLD'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEW HAVEN.

From Loring's "Field-Book of the Revolution."
"The house is still standing," Loring says, "in the
center of the town, and is the only one of the kind
left."

CHAPTER I.

Have I bettered through
A host of dangers, perils and trials,
Shattered my fortune—now to be denied
A few more days? Out upon them all!

Nearly a year had elapsed since the evacuation
of Philadelphia by the British forces. The
year productive, as it seemed, of very little
benefit to the American cause. The Alliance
with France had not been attended as yet
with those substantial advantages that gener-
ally had been anticipated. The failure of the
combined attack upon Rhode Island, the
result, as it was charged, of the needless
and cowardly sailing of the French fleet to
Boston, thus leaving the American portion
of the expedition to the hazard of capture,
had caused deep irritation, not only in the
popular mind, but in the army. And the
capture of Saratoga by the British a few
months later, had naturally increased both
the irritation and the disappointment.

The continued depreciation of the Conti-
nental paper money, also had a very depress-
ing effect. In spite of the most stringent
laws to uphold it as a legal tender, it steadily
and rapidly decreased in value. In the June
of 1778, it took four dollars of paper to pur-
chase one of specie—nine months after-
wards, it took ten. And the depreciation
still went on—almost day by day.

General Benedict Arnold had been ap-
pointed to the command of Philadelphia,
immediately upon the British evacuation.
But the extent of his powers was undefined,
and he had seen some into conflict, not only
with many of the officers, but with the author-
ities of Pennsylvania.
Captain André still was in New York, now
acting as Adjutant in the British Comman-
der, Sir Henry Clinton. Colonel Mifflin
also was in New York. Both had held cor-
respondence with the British General, and
often as opportunities were afforded them
by the passage of flags of truce between the
two armies. If such opportunities did not
come very frequently, both Helen and André
belonged to that class of lovers who can live
a long time on a few words of love, a few
glances of the eye—she who can say that
she is not yet in love, and yet André
is not yet in love. Jealousy is often
the result of a conviction that you are over-
valued—a fear that the lover will awake from
his or her delusion, and see the beloved ob-
ject as he or she really is. And yet André
had come failed in love, when he was
younger and less easily won; but the nobility
of his nature was not easily prone to jealousy,
and when he heard occasionally of Helen
Graham as a star of the first magnitude in
the new circle of Philadelphia, he had been
in the old, and the trust of the French

and American officers, as she had been be-
fore of the British, he felt proud of his
beautiful betrothed.

On a fine spring morning in 1778—such
days as often come, bringing a taste with
them of the balmy sweetness of June—Ar-
thur Pemberton stood in the porch of his
mother's mansion, enjoying the brightness
and the genial warmth. As he stood there,
speaking occasionally to a passing acquaint-
ance, a gentleman in military attire came
along. He was a man apparently of about
forty years of age, and wore the uniform of
a General in the Continental service. He
walked with somewhat of a limp, and carried
a gold-headed cane to steady his footsteps.
Rather above the medium size, and of a
muscular and vigorous frame, his face bore
the marks of a bold, determined and en-
ergetic spirit. But one could see at a glance
that he was more than this—that he was also
both passionate and overbearing. A man
not patient of contradiction or opposition—
silly, impetuous and arrogant—and, there-
fore, not easily controlled himself, nor able to
harmonize with other men of equal rank.
Stopping as he arrived opposite Mrs. Pem-
berton's, he spoke:

"Good morning, Mr. Pemberton. A fine
day this."

"A very fine day, General; will you not
walk in and see the ladies?"

"No, I thank you—it is scarcely late
enough for that. I am bound up to the Con-
gress. But, as it is rather early, I will sit
down on your porch, if you have no objec-
tion, and rest for a minute or two."

"Of course. Does your leg pain you
much now?"

"Only at times—in damp and rheumatic
weather. But it is stiff, and lame behind the
other."

"That is the second time you have been
wounded in that leg, I have heard," said
Pemberton, kindly.

"Yes, once at Quebec, and then again at
Burlington. The red-coats seem to have a
special spite at that leg. But I cannot com-
plain. I only wonder afterwards, at Bur-
lington, that I got through with my life. It
was like going through the big drops of a
thunder-storm."

"Well, I hear that you need not have
gone into the fight," replied Pemberton,
smiling; "that (Gates) did not urge you to
go."

Arnold laughed bitterly. "No, that is
true. He sent Armstrong after me to call
me back. I tell you, I led him a round.
Wherever the fire was hottest, there I spurred
him. He followed Armstrong. But after
while I found a place on his back—where
he stopped following me. They said
afterwards I was drunk. They're always
lying about me, the scoundrels!"

"Is it true then that you had no com-
mand?"

"No special command—but, you know,
when I was once on the field, I outranked
nearly everybody there. And they all com-
mended me to obey and follow me. God's
wrath! in the midst of battle, soldiers know
a leader when they see him, though they
may lie about him afterwards."

"And where was Gates?"

"Oh, Gates was in his tent, discussing
through his spectacles the pros and cons of
our dispute with England—arguing it all
out with a wounded British officer."

"He wears the chief laurels, however,
being the commander," said Pemberton.

"You know his friends in Congress, and he
has plenty of them, would like to put him
in Washington's place. They are perpetu-
ally referring to the capture of Burgoyne,
and implying that if he had been Commander-
in-Chief, all the British generals would have
been captured by this time."

"They are a set of stupid dunces," re-
plied Arnold. "Gates did not capture Bur-
goyne. Schuyler had planned and moved,
and Gates came up at the last moment, and
reaped the field. It was already yellow with
his harvest. Yes, Schuyler planned—Stark
first put in the sickle—the murder of Miss
McClure gave us plenty of maddened men—
and I, though I do say it myself, know how
to lead them. Was I not the first man to
storm the British works? If not, where did
I get this cursed ball in my leg? This may
sound like boasting, Pemberton, but they
force me to boast. Congress will do me
even simple justice. But you know, of
course, how they are bounding me?"

"I am glad to see, General, that their
Committee has absolved you from all those
charges which were brought against you."

"Impelled to do it, sir—compelled to do
it! There was not a little of evidence."
Stark! some expect a man in face of the
enemy to act with the same deliberation and
regularity as if he were selling and billing a
lot of goods in a merchant's counting-room!
But what do you think they are at now—the
scoundrels?"

"Indeed I do not know—I thought the
whole matter was settled."

"I thought so too, and resigned my com-
mand of this city, you know. But now I
hear from a friend, that they—that infernal
Congress—have made up their minds not to
accept the report of their own Committee of
Inquiry, but to order General Washington
to subject me to the disgrace of a court mar-
tial."

"Oh, I hope not, General," replied Pem-
berton, for he could scarcely believe it.

"It is so, sir. You may depend upon it.
And it is on a par with the treatment I have
received from the army. Any other man
would have laid down his commission long
ago. What does Washington say? He ad-
vises himself that it is shameful. Who had
done what I had done?—they force me to
boast through their infamous injustice—while
the march through the wilderness to Quebec—
my men, sir, positively belling their own
shoes to make soap of, each was their hun-
ger—telling vain tales of joy rivers; that
fearful siege in a Canada winter before
the walls of Quebec—besieging double our
own numbers—my wound I count as no-
thing, compared to all the rest—and then
what was my reward?"

"I know it all, General; and I sympathize
with you deeply. I cannot understand the
action of Congress. But, remember you are
not fighting—you did not go through all
those fearful perils for your own advance-
ment; but for the Country, and the sacred
cause of Freedom!" Pemberton's face
glowed with his emotion.

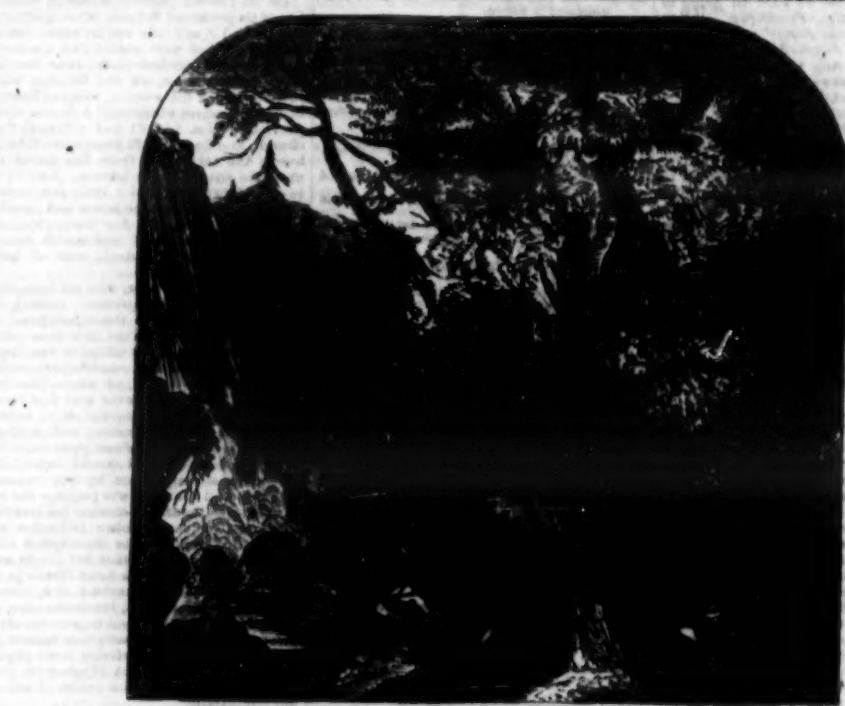
"I know all that," replied Arnold. "Would
I have stood this gross injustice so long, had
it not been for the great Cause? But every
man owes a duty also to himself and to his
own self-respect. My motto is—'For my-
self and for all.' Congress appointed, as
you know, five Major-Generals, and every
one of them was inferior to me in rank. My
name was not on the list—though it is a mat-
ter of common knowledge that not one of
those officers had done and suffered one-half
as much for the country as I had. Then,
after those other affairs in Connecticut, they
void me—a horse; in place of the two shot
under me, 'as a token of their approbation.'
Arnold drew out this last in bitter irony.
They made you at last a Major-General."

"Yes, when for very shame they could no
longer refuse to. But they did not undo
the wrong, even then; for my late promo-
tion leaves me at the foot of the list, and all
the others, my juniors, outrank me."

"I do not support the Congress in this
matter, General; but let us be fair to them.
You know the reason which was given for
your not being appointed in the first place—
that your State already had its share of mili-
tary honors. I do not myself think it a good
reason—but men may honestly differ on such
a matter."

"It was not their reason," thundered the
General, loudly enough to attract the atten-
tion of the passers-by; "it was a mere in-
famous pretence. They were jealous of
me—they and their army pets. I had no
friends at Court. They meant to keep me
down, or drive me out of the service. They
cannot keep me down—but they may drive
me from the service," added he with a fierce
oath.

"I trust not, General—I trust you will
still cleave to the Stripes and Stars. You
cannot spare so dauntless a soldier as you
have proved yourself to be," said Arnold.



ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO CANADA.

(From Loring's "Field-Book of the Revolution.")

Arnold set out on the 15th of September, 1776, on his adventurous expedition. The troops rendezvoused at Fort Western, opposite the present town of Augusta, Maine. This was on the verge of an uninhabited and almost unexplored wilderness, and towards its fearful shadows these brave men turned their faces. The first toll of the little army—consisting of ten companies of musketeers from New England, and three companies of riflemen from Virginia and Maryland, began at Norridgewock Falls. (See engraving above.) Here they were obliged to drag and carry all their baggage, provisions and stores around the Falls, a mile and a quarter, to the navigable waters above. The banks were rocky and precipitous, and seven days were employed in passing the Falls and repairing the vessels. But this was but the beginning. Carrying places, one of fifteen miles long, were frequent. Over eager knolls, and through tangled ravines, morasses, creeks and ponds they toiled onward, carrying their baggage and stores on their shoulders. On October 23rd heavy rains set in, and a freshet overturned seven boats. Provisions grew scarce. Many became sick and despondent. Arnold, with the strongest of his men, pushed onwards. The rain changed to snow, and ice formed upon the water, in which they had to wade to save their boats. Seventeen falls were passed. At one place three boats were dashed upon the rocks. Frenzied, they waded their maddened men in the river, bodied them, and tried to set them. They were forced to wade and a dog. But at last the advance party reached a French settlement, and sent back word to the remainder. Take it all in all, it was one of the most wonderful marches on record. For thirty-two days, sometimes amidst deep in water and mud, they traversed the gloomy wilderness, without meeting a human being. Loring says—"It was an effort in the cause of Freedom worthy its divine character; and the men who thus periled life and endured pain, whatever may have been their course in after life, deserve the highest praise from the hearts and lips of posterity."

pany of State Guards to Boston. Then I
should have Congress at my heels, accepting
my generous donations with votes of thanks,
and a frequent visit to the city since
my arrival, came up from the opposite di-
rection.

"What had the General to say this morn-
ing—any new trouble?" inquired he, laugh-
ing.

"He is soured to the very dogs," replied
Pemberton, seriously. "He is hard to
manage, but they do not treat him fairly,
Phil."

"I know they do not. No officer in the
army would have patiently borne that pro-
secution of five juniors over his head—and he
had done more than all of them put together.
It puzzled us in the army very much—what
did it all mean, Arthur? You are here on
the spot, and ought to understand the inter-
nal workings of that stupid Congressional
machine a little."

"Perhaps I do—a little. But holding
their sessions in secret, it is not so easy to
find out things even here on the spot, as you
may suppose. As to those appointments,
many doubts looked at the matter from
the politician's point of view—not from the
military. The question was not with them
who had shown capacity, and ability to serve
the country, but who should partake of the
broth. Here was a certain amount of honor
and pay—and here were the honorable mem-
bers of the thirteen States. Now, each State,
they held, was entitled to its propor-
tionate share of the broth. To appoint
Arnold, would be to give Connecticut more
than her proportion—and, if it had not been
so, the members from Connecticut had no
particular love for Arnold."

"Oh, that is miserable!" exclaimed
Philip. "We could hardly believe that, in
the army."

"That is one view—the worst one. But
there are other men than mere moneying
politicians in Congress—there are statesmen
and gentlemen—and with them the reason I
think was this. Despite all Arnold's cap-
acity and daring, they have no faith in the
man. There are always reports floating
about of his want of high honor—and even,
if it were he said, strict honesty. Even
here in Philadelphia, we hear the same
things. He will live extravagantly—and he
has not the money to pay for it. You know
what an officer's pay, in Continental money,
will do to support him?"

"I am not quite certain whether it will
buy oats for his horse, or not. Some of the
officers say it will; others say it won't—but
there is a bill I just now paid, and you can
judge a little from it," replied Morris, taking
a slip of paper out of his pocket, and read-
ing it:

"Lieut. P. Morris
1 Pair Boots \$100 00
4 Handkerchiefs 50 00
4 yards Blue Cloth 80 00
\$230 00
Received payment,
W. NICOLL."

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the men, who are situated as I have de-
scribed, it would be both right and politic."
"My efforts shall never be wanting, Phil.
You know that of what money I can myself
command, I give freely."

"I know you do, Arthur."

"And yet, Phil, as unhappy as the times,
that a violent and ignorant party among our
citizens, as you may have heard, doubt my
patriotism, my devotion to the Cause."

"I am sure, if you could see me, you would
not doubt the right of Arnold's march, my
aid later another channel. In these my
danger of an outbreak?"

"Not against me, or any of the more
moderate men. But from what I hear, Ar-
thur, Wilson may be attacked at any time."
The City Troop have been ordered to hold
themselves in readiness—and a number of
Wilson's friends, myself included, have
agreed to aid in the defence of his house if
attacked."

"You may count me in—and Malone,"
replied the Lieutenant, warmly. "Oh that
we had our own troops here—would we not
sweep these vermin, if they come out of
their holes. But why do they make this
sneak attack on Wilson? Is he one of the best
lawyers you have?"

"You know he defeated Roberts and
Curtis, who were convicted of treason."

"But they were convicted—and hung be-
side."

"Did not that satisfy them?"

"No. They seem to feel that it was
even treasonable in a lawyer to defend them
—as if it were not a lawyer's business to de-
fend, if need be, the most wretched mur-
derer! But Wilson said, and he really be-
lieves besides, that they were not legally
guilty of treason."

"I don't agree with him," said Morris.

"But we are fighting to make this a free
country—and what kind of a free country
would that be, where men could not safely
differ in opinion?"

"Wilson also defended those merchants
who would not conform to the established
scale of prices."

"Well, if he has violated the law, let
them punish him according to the law. But
I am opposed to this mob-law, to this."

"And I also," said Pemberton. "It is
one of our greatest dangers. I hope it will
be trodden out at once wherever it shows its
snake-like head."

"I must go and tell Malone about this,"
said Morris, rising, for he also had taken a
seat on the porch during this conversation.

"Come and take dinner with us, Phil;
you know we are always glad to see you."

"I will—or else early in the evening.
How is the beautiful Isabella?"

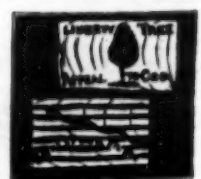
"You mean the daughter of the adorable
Helen?" replied Pemberton, with a smile.

"She is as beautiful and bewitching as ever,
Phil—in a low voice—"I am glad to find
you are growing more sensible. If you can-
not have a woman as your wife, then have
her as your friend."

"Arth—old boy," replied Philip, in the
same low tone, but his voice quivered with
its earnestness. "did you ever know me to
give up anything, while there was still the
slightest hope? I may alter my plans—but
I never alter my purpose. There is no other
woman on the wide earth, as far as I am con-
cerned, save Helen Graham."

Pemberton shook his head sadly, as his
friend walked slowly away. He had sup-
posed, from the more subdued and cautious
manner in which Philip had behaved of late,
that he had abandoned all hope of winning
Helen. But it seemed that he still loved her
with the same intensity as before—and only
waited a favorable opportunity to press his
suit. Whether Helen had been deceived as
well as himself, Pemberton could not tell
from her behaviour, which was always ex-
ceedingly kind and friendly to Philip.

Our own opinion is that she was not very
greatly deceived. Women as keen-witted as
Helen, are not apt to be deceived in matters
of this character. But she was very much
pleased nevertheless with the change in the
Lieutenant's manner. She wished him for a
friend, if she did not wish him for a
lover. What she might have wished, if she
had never seen André, it is impossible to say.



FIRST NAVAL FLAG.

CHAPTER II.

How curious that a few square yards of heaving
should have so great a charm!

Early that evening, Philip came accord-
ing to promise. But he had scarcely spoken to
the family circle, which he found gathered in
the parlor, when Fanny came rushing in,
wild with terror.

"Oh, Mr. Arth—de're comin', de're
comin'!" cried he.

"Who is coming, Fox?" asked Mrs. Pem-
berton, calmly.

"De mob—de wild mob. De're had a
meetin' out Arch street—bore Fift. Gen-
Arnol' tried to evade 'em 'o' spars—but dey
flung stones at de Gen'ral, and made him
run way. And now de're 'bout marchin'
down into de town."

Pemberton started up. "I do not think
they mean to attack us, mother; but I will
wait and see. If they pass on, I shall hurry
out through the garden to Wilson's—for prob-
ably they are going there. Where are you
bound, Philip?"

"Around to the rendezvous of the City
Troop. If we can get a dozen together, I
think it will be enough at least to make a

TOGETHER.

Oh! take me with you, my darling,
I follow wherever you lead,
And I'll be with you in the end,
Through the darkest valley I'll go.

Over the ocean of grief I'll go,
With the angels who dwell above,
And the angels who dwell below,
I'll be with you in the end.

Through the valley of the shadow of death,
I'll be with you in the end,
And the angels who dwell above,
I'll be with you in the end.

I'll be with you in the end,
And the angels who dwell above,
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MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY FREDERICK HOGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Forest,"
"The Valley of the Kings," and
"The Valley of the Kings."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHN HOGAN TAKES THEWILL, AND THEWILL TAKES THEWILL.

A NEW CHAPTER.

"Joyce-Joyce" Sticks proved to be an in-
soluble to the wedding feast of Titus
Vink as if she had been formed of the
hardest adamant.

Her wedding, coming, and her
wedding, coming, and her wedding, coming,
sprang upon a rock of true stone. His
tribute to her beauty was like to cutting
turquoise upon fire. His appeals to her
sensations were as useless as a
diamond against a diamond.

In answer to his conversation that it was
a treat to see her, she tightened her grip of his
shoulder, and heaved him in a certain
direction as if he were a bundle of
diamonds.

He did not know, but he was
transported to her cottage, planted in a leafy
nook in Devil's Hollow; but he speedily found
himself upon the brink of a cliff, in the
vicinity of a large stone, forming the
heart of that redoubtable obstacle.

There was a large world for burning within
a foot of his chest, very hot, and he was
furious as he scolded upon that the
diamonds which had placed him before the
crackling flames had not deposited him
on them as a diamond, in acknowledgment
of some transaction he had had in years
gone by with his owner, and out of which
transacted Joyce had emerged, under the
impression that she had been completely
duped, or, as Titus remarked at the time
to himself, "cheated."

After those business relations, she had
not walked in the way he thought she
would go. He cared nothing for the
diamond, and he had successfully
convinced to keep out of her
way, and, in consequence, he had
put himself into a bad way.

He saw that the turbulent-minded woman
had caught up a bill of wood, about as
thick as his arm, and a little longer, and
that she was advancing towards him as if
with the intention of striking a balance on
the old account. As he could see her
sparkling like two flaming coals, he had a
conviction that she would not only do it
if she could, but also that she would transfer
the balance to her own side if her strength
lasted.

The chairs in that cottage were high-
backed, and Titus, instead of boldly
confronting his armed enemy, descended to
strategy. That is, he started into one of
the chairs, seized it by the fore-legs, and
presented the back as a shield or breastwork
to the foe.

Joyce was, however, nimble, and not
fascinated about the preservation of her chair;
so she raised above her back, the sides
—wherever she could get sight of his fingers
or his head.

Then, eye to eye, on this occasion,
active too. Perhaps he never was braver
than now. He could not at any moment
have stated correctly in what corner of the
room he was, for, to parody the poet, he
was in

Every one by turns,
And so on.

The worst of it was, the bill had such
a clatter that any remark he offered—and
he tried some, after the manner of Stinger—
was drowned in the din; and when he found
the back of the chair being shivered to
splinters, and the whole shield exhibiting
symptoms of parting into small pieces, he
desisted from the defence, and, in search
of a large iron poker, he was
to be found in such places.

But Joyce evidently did not use such
luxuries. She raised the end of her daily
fire together with a bill of diamond-wood,
and the only one of the immediate neighborhood
was then in active employment, in her
possession. As she betrayed no sign of
exhaustion, there seemed to be only a remote
probability of her surrendering it, and he
thought of a hasty leap through the
window; but it did not look as if it had
ever been, or would open. In addition, if
it had been wide open, the frame, being
divided in the centre by an upright support,
offered him only two apertures, each too
small for anything but a starved greyhound
to squeeze through.

The door, too, was closed—locked fast—
no doubt bolted and locked. How could he
get in? At least, it was so to him, for in his
swift gyrations and rapid evolutions he could
not see it.

He was out of breath; his arms ached
dreadfully. He wished himself with Dean
and the hot whisky—with Mr. Robby taking
notes. He wished himself a little fly—a
domestic house-fly—that he might mount to
the ceiling, and crawling slowly along, laugh
her bill of diamond-wood to scorn.

Simultaneously with this thought, he
received a smashing blow upon the forehead
of his left hand, and instantaneously a
thunder clap on his forehead, enabling him
to have a distinct view of millions on mil-
lions of sparks—nothing more.

Awakening from a dream, he opened one
eye—there was a difficulty about the other—
and observed, heavily, the eyes of Joyce
staring at him intently. He recoiled, and
the eye in a twinkling, for he imagined that
she was discerning something wrong, for
round No. 2. So he was forced to be dead—
as dead as a million of sparks.

His head ached dreadfully, and his limbs
had not a piece of the skin of a farthing
from pain. It was his conviction, judging
from the state of his forehead, that he had
crushed much time, considerable strength,
and the bill of wood over him while he lay
asleep.

Now was this all. He was conscious of a
strong smell of fire, and, therefore
did not doubt that he had been some part of

the time on the fire. It was hard at that
moment to distinguish between the agony of a
burn or the pain of a wound; but he was con-
vinced that he was suffering the former of both,
and that he had not only lost his money to
death, but had also lost his health by
being so long in the fire.

To his amazement, he presently found
himself holding his head, and tearing into his
hair a tangle of diamonds with him in it. No
longer, with his eyes closed firmly, and
allowing her to look at him and exclaim
the diamond spirit. He would have preferred
a larger wound; but he felt there was an
advantage in submitting that proposition to
her under the circumstances.

After a short time she opened her
diamond-wood, and he saw her diamond-
wood, and he was amazed, and he was right.

"The battle is over for the present," he
thought, with growing gloom. "The last
of it on her side this round, as 'permitted
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